

MAR 21 1930

# CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME III    PITTSBURGH, PA., MARCH 1930    NUMBER 10

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SPRINGTIME IN THE ALLEGHENY MOUNTAINS  
PENNSYLVANIA RACCOON GROUP  
(See Page 294)

## THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME III      NUMBER 10  
MARCH 1930

It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green corn field did pass  
In the springtime, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

—P—

### HOURS OF ADMISSION—ALWAYS FREE

Daily from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.  
Sunday from 1 to 6 P.M.

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From October to July. Every Saturday evening at 8:15 o'clock, and every Sunday afternoon at 4:00 o'clock.

—CHARLES HEINROTH, Organist

—P—

The Carnegie Institute, in the broadest sense, holds its possessions in trust for mankind and for the constant welfare and happiness of the race. Anyone, therefore, who by a gift of beautiful works of art, or objects of scientific value, or a donation to its financial resources, aids in the growth of these collections and the extension of its service is contributing substantially to the glorious mission of the Institute.

The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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## BON JOUR, ADMIRAL BYRD!

Why do men to the North Pole and to the South Pole? Why do they tempt fate by challenging Nature in her most harsh and inaccessible strongholds? It is because the spirit of adventure is still dominant in the hearts of men. If there had been no love of adventure, Columbus would never have discovered America, and Lindbergh would never have made his lone flight across the Atlantic. The story of Arctic adventures at both the Poles is full of tragedy, but it is full also of glory and of triumph. Admiral Byrd has plucked bright honor almost from the pale-faced moon. He has flown across the ocean; he has flown across the North Pole, and he has sailed his ships through the ice-bound ramparts of the South Pole, pushing back the frontier of the unknown, adding much to our knowledge of geography, zoology, and botany, and of that mysterious problem of terrestrial magnetism, and mapping new millions of square miles upon the land area of the earth. He is the hero of his time, great in his conquests as any of the fabled champions of ancient days, and his country receives him back into its bosom with affection and pride.

## THE TIGER'S ROAR

The Carnegie Institute, in its constant striving to render service to the people of Pittsburgh, receives many a unique request. It recently had an urgent appeal from a local radio station which was broadcasting a jungle program for the immediate services of someone who could "roar like a tiger." The request, unfortunately, could not be granted, as the only person who could roar like a tiger was out.

## "THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE"

DEAR CARNEGIE:

In printing President Baker's interesting lecture on "The United States of Europe," your introductory note states that this idea "had its origin in the genius of the Roman Empire." Will you please say in what way it was then manifested?

—NORMAN WALLACE

It was manifested through a consolidation of all the states, nations, and races of Europe under the government of Rome. With the fall of the Roman Empire these nations separated and have been making war on each other nearly ever since. Louis XIV, the Grand Monarque, attempted to revive the ancient Roman idea, but without success. M. Briand, just now once again French Foreign Minister, is proposing to restore the consolidation under a federated union.

The preacher should keep out of politics.

—JOHN RAY EWERS

# WEST AND EAST TOGETHER

By J. FOSTER SYMES

[This address by Judge Symes, of Denver, Colorado, the major part of which we give here, was delivered recently at Columbia University, in New York. The reference to George Rogers Clark will be of particular interest in Pittsburgh because of the proposal that has been made by Senator David A. Reed, of Pennsylvania, to erect a monument to him at "The Point," that section of land in the heart of our business district where the confluence of the Monongahela and Allegheny Rivers forms the Ohio. Clark was undoubtedly a heroic figure in a critical moment during the Revolutionary War, although he lacked the wings that carry great soldiers to constant victories, and his character seems to want something of the stuff of which heroes are made. He was a native of Virginia, and when the Colonies had gained their independence, he returned to his home there to suffer poverty and, as he thought, neglect. The real hero never thinks of neglect. The legislature of Virginia sent him a sword in recognition of his military exploits, but when it was delivered to him, he broke it in anger and buried it in the ground. Judge Symes' comments upon the influence of education as a force that must bind the West and the East in an inseparable integrity are highly interesting and significant.]



I come from Colorado, gentlemen, the land of contrasts, the last of the pioneer States, carved out of that vast domain lying immediately east of the Rocky Mountains; the part of our country old-

est in history, yet newest in its final development.

Spanish romance first rested upon that land and disappeared. Then came years of scattered wilderness life, in turn followed by a new race and a new civilization, which developed a unique laboratory of law and order. The southern part of this vast domain was rich in history long before the Mayflower crossed the Atlantic and disgorged its prolific cargo of immigrants and antique furniture on Plymouth Rock.

For long before, Marcos de Niza had seen the stronghold of the Zunis, but failed in his quest of the fabled seven cities of Cibola, and Coronado had sought in vain the riches of Quivera.

Yet other Spanish expeditions found in the wastes of what is now New Mexico the remains of a civilization with fixed rules of conduct and property rights. And let me say, parenthetically,

that the fascinating story of the expeditions of these Spanish conquerors and priests is second to none in the annals of American history for real romance, privations, and heroism.

We live nearer to Sante Fe, one of the first, if not the very first, permanent white settlement of America, than you to Jamestown. And yet there are men living who have seen this new civilization emerge from its primitive forms, until it has today reached whatever perfection modern law possesses.

The territory to which I refer was not occupied by an extension of that even tide of immigration that pushed steadily westward across the Alleghenies and settled the states bordering upon the Mississippi, and it was passed over as uninhabitable by the next major movement of population which crossed the Rocky Mountains and settled California.

Daniel Webster, arising in the Senate of the United States, portrayed that part of our nation lying west of the Mississippi River as "The Great American Desert," and declared that he would not vote a dollar to build a transcontinental railroad to save it to this country; and yet today, Colorado—which is only one of the commonwealths carved out of the one-time desert—has become a garden of 25,000,000 acres and 60,000 farms. I would like to say prosperous farms, but the exigencies of politics for-

bid, and lastly—and perhaps strangest of all—I come from a State where juries do not hesitate to convict, nor courts to impose jail sentences upon violators of the Volstead Act.

George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Patrick Henry, and others of their time loom large in the history of the American Revolution. But there was another group of soldiers, explorers, and frontiersmen, who made the history of the frontier and the West; and but for their services during the Revolution and the years following, the United States would not be the all-powerful empire it is today. I will refer to only one of the group, George Rogers Clark.

How many of you have heard of him? A youth of 26. In 1778, when the American cause was at its lowest ebb, with a small army of 175 men, he carried the American offensive over the Allegheny Mountains deep into that part of British territory that now comprises the great States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, and decided the fate of more territory than did all the armies that raged up and down Europe during the whole of the Thirty Years' War. But for him, it is reasonable to suppose that the Canadian Border would today lie along the Ohio and Allegheny Rivers, with a British corridor running from Detroit to the Gulf of Mexico.

The settlement of the West was essentially individualistic. It was not fathered or protected by powerful companies or proprietors of the kind that fostered the English settlements along the Atlantic seaboard. Illiterate and uncultured, perhaps, the frontiersmen were, nevertheless they were also the dreamers of our nation and the possessors of a real national vision. They had no traditions or history, and their surroundings and mode of life developed independence of thought. They refused to mortgage their minds to any political party, ecclesiastical organization, or group whatever. Their minds were their own, and their loyalties were self-selected.

New mining camps presented a situation unique in American history. The population, comprising men from all parts of the country, had suddenly converged, without prearrangement, at a common point. Save that they were Americans, they had nothing in common.

The processes of governmental evolution started with a pure democracy, as pure as that of the early Greeks. Every man took part. Miners' courts exercising both civil and criminal jurisdiction were established by the mass-meeting method. Out of entirely new conditions of location, climate, minerals, and new economic needs came important contributions to the great body of American law, demonstrating that the fundamental principles of English common law and justice are few; that law is the rule of reason applied to existing conditions, a growth and evolution born with the needs of the people, as those needs develop themselves.

Perhaps the outstanding contribution of the so-called "arid states" was the doctrine of prior appropriation of public waters, in place of the common-law rule of riparian rights, and the right to apply public waters to beneficial use.

In the same way the code of mining laws fixed the size of claims, labor to be expended, defined trespass, forfeiture, and so forth, and modified the law of real property in other respects. Form was nothing, the substance everything. The first criminal code adopted by a mass meeting shows a freedom from that prolixity that law writers condemn, but too often indulge in. I quote Section 1:

Any person guilty of willful murder, upon conviction thereof, shall be hung by the neck until he is dead.

Even the criminal was quite sure what the word "murder" meant, but even if he had doubts, the public meeting, to which he had a right of appeal, was not slow in advising him. Little attention was paid to imprisonment as a punishment; the immediate necessity

was that the community be rid of evil-doers. So hanging and banishment constituted the punishments, with whipping a close third. This produced results without taking up unnecessary time, and the community saved the expense of maintaining a jail. The science of penology was unknown.

Another section declared:

All water claims shall be held as real estate, and not jumpable.

Every man knew what this meant, and the words "not jumpable" added more force to the resolution than a volume of legal interpretation. What a hopeless environment for a modern Chitty to make a living in! But I do not intend to enter upon a detailed discussion. The interesting point is that the new rules of law developed themselves from customs seemingly at variance with existing law; and yet, when the legal contentions became justiciable, the Supreme Court found a way to take the rules themselves into American jurisprudence without the aid of an Act of Congress.

I give you this very brief and incomplete sketch of the history of a typical western State and the early development of the law as a background, in order that you may have a broader and more sympathetic understanding of the political and economic thought that obtains west of the Mississippi River.

It should be of more than local interest, because as the West has developed, so has America, and every day

the West is necessarily playing a bigger part in the councils of the nation, and irrespective of the merits of the economic, social, and political beliefs that prevail there, they cannot be dismissed, but must be solved intelligently by the nation as a whole, led by leaders trained in our universities for public careers, rather than by the hit-or-miss method that is altogether too prevalent today.

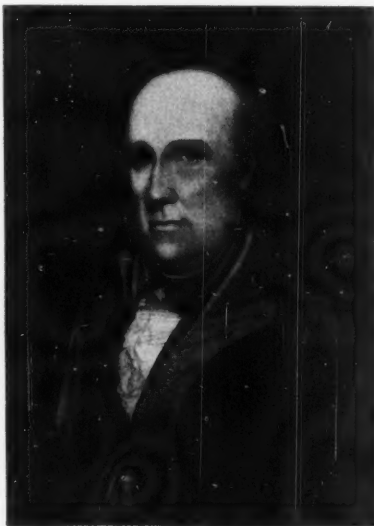
Economically and politically, the West and South have much in common

compared with the East, due to the different stage of development, the widely varying economic and industrial conditions, difference in soil, climate, and natural resources and racial origins of the population. The East is supreme in industry, manufacturing, commerce, finance, and that cultural development that is the by-product of a leisure and wealthy class. The West is concerned chiefly with problems of agriculture, livestock,

and mining in its various forms, transportation, and the development of the public domain.

Your universities are national in scope; ours purely local and of limited resources, serving the needs of the youth that must obtain a college education while living at home. Most of our young men and women who can afford it come East for their undergraduate work and professional training, and return to the West with a broader vision and a viewpoint more national, perhaps, than the corresponding group here possesses.

Technicians trained in the East have



GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

designed our power plants, developed our mines, and planned our public works, and your bankers have financed them. The graduates of the School of Mines look to the West in part, at least, for a career. Graduates of the Teachers College seek, and are sought, by our institutions of learning. The students that Columbia draws from the West and South must be trained to take their places in the communities to which they return.

All this is to the point that Columbia is correctly denominated a national university, and must maintain a national viewpoint, educate nationally, and devote its rare talents to the solution of all national problems with the cold-blooded, disinterested method of the laboratory, abjuring all sectional prejudices of any kind.

## A BOTANIST'S SPRING SONG

As the days grow longer and the sun climbs higher, our thoughts turn to spring. Winter's snows are fewer and farther between and the morning's frost, lying white on the freshening green grass, fades like magic before the bright spring sun.

Reminiscent of other years, we are eager to welcome back the spring flowers and to journey to the fields and woods where the buds are bursting all bounds and all Nature is awakening to renewed activity.

On the second floor of the Museum the Raccoon Group in the Four-Seasons case admirably portrays the spirit of spring. The trilliums and dogwoods are then in flower, shining out white against the dark foliage of the hemlock ravine, and announcing that winter is gone; and on every hand there are dots of red and purple against dashes of green, where buds are bursting and leaves are unfolding. In the animal world, too, there is renewed activity. From the hollow chestnut tree the old raccoon and her family of three have come to feast upon their favorite food—

the toothsome crayfish—which has just been caught out of the mountain brook and carefully washed before being dined upon, as is the custom of raccoons.

These Pennsylvania raccoons were captured in McKean County in May, 1924, by John B. Oviatt and R. H. Santens. The animals were mounted by Mr. Santens, the wax flowers and foliage were the work of Anna M. Dierdorf, and the background was painted by Ottmar F. von Fuehrer.

## MUSEUM RADIO TALKS

[Broadcast over WCAE on Monday and Friday evenings from 7:15 to 7:30 under the sponsorship of the Educational Section of the Carnegie Museum.]

- MARCH 17—"Rabbits," by Dr. John A. Hollinger, head of the Department of Visual Education, Board of Public Education of Pittsburgh.
- MARCH 21—"Opossums," by Edward McCready, graduate assistant in Zoology, University of Pittsburgh.
- MARCH 24—"Collecting Snakes in Venezuela," by M. Graham Netting, assistant curator of Herpetology, Carnegie Museum.
- MARCH 28—"Outline of Radio Talks for April and May," by Jane A. White, assistant curator of Museum Educational Work.
- MARCH 31—"Invertebrates," by Dr. Stanley T. Brooks, custodian in Invertebrate Zoology, Carnegie Museum.
- APRIL 4—"The Arrival of Birds from the South," by Fred L. Homer, instructor in Schenley High School and Guardian of the Bird Club.
- APRIL 7—"Spiders," by Andrew Lester, nature-study instructor, H. C. Frick Training School.
- APRIL 11—"Early Spring Wild Flowers," by Edward H. Graham, assistant in Botany, Carnegie Museum.
- APRIL 14—"Frogs and Toads," by William Smith, instructor in Zoology, Schenley High School.

## RESEARCH IN INDUSTRY

Research has no respect for any existing condition. It cares little what happens to traditional industry if improvement is to result. No industry today can consider itself free from the necessary vigilance of constant research.

—L. V. REDMAN,  
Director of Research of the Bakelite Corporation



## THE ARMSTRONG CERAMICS

IN the Ceramic Gallery of the Museum there have recently been placed on view for the first time a number of valuable ceramic pieces which have been given by Charles D. Armstrong, a trustee of the Carnegie Institute. The collection contains some exquisite examples of European and Chinese porcelains.



MEISSEN SHEPHERDESS AND SHEPHERD

In the European groups are pieces of Italian, German, and French origin. From the royal factory at Capo di Monte, near Naples, which gives the porcelain its name, are four lovely pieces: the Duchess of Devonshire after Gainsborough, and three allegorical subjects—Science et Jeunesse, Diana et Endymion, and Surtout de Bacchus.

Four fine specimens in Frankenthal—a vivacious trumpeter and his equestrienne companion, and two soldiers, more picturesque than doughty; two pieces in Meissen of a shepherd and

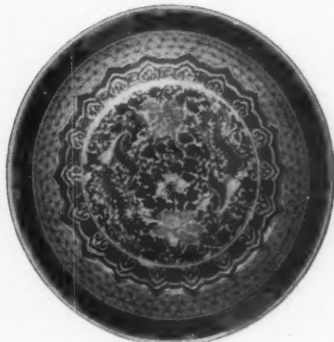
shepherdess, reminiscent of Watteau; an amusing pair of dancing figures in Höchst; and a Dresden piece of idyllic inspiration called "Garden-bower," are representative of German makers.

Two charming figures of the children of Charles I and a breakfast service made for Louis Philippe are credited to the celebrated Sèvres

manufacturers. The breakfast set, each piece of which is decorated with a medallion of the initials of the King intertwined and surmounted by the crown, was doubtless executed under the directorship of Alexandre Brongniart, appointed by Napoleon, who was almost as illustrious in ceramic history as was his Imperial master in the domains of war and statecraft. It has all the beauty and elegance so typical of this wondrous French porcelain and displays the inimitable blue in the border famous as "bleu de Sèvres." Mr. Arm-



SÈVRES PLATE



FAMILLE-VERTE PORCELAIN

strong purchased it for the Museum last summer on his visit to Carcassonne.

Among the Chinese porcelains is a beautiful pair of blue-white porcelain bowls of the Khang H'si period (1662-1723): a period which was marked by a brilliant artistic renaissance, particularly apparent in its effect on the Imperial porcelain works. To the same dynasty belong a dish of "famille verte" elaborate with tree-peonies and ho-ho birds, and a delicate white porcelain bowl pierced in open-work. The Kien Lung

period (1736-1795) is represented by a pair of porcelain vases ornamented with modeled leaves. These objects have been placed on display with the Chinese vases given earlier by Mr. Armstrong.

In addition to these new porcelains, Mr. Armstrong has presented a white Bristol-glass vase over a hundred years old, five pieces of ancient Roman glass showing a magnificent iridescence, and a piece of Roman alabaster, which can be seen in the Archeology and Ethnography collections.

## A MISCHIEVOUS BOOK

*A Review of Ludwell Denny's "America Conquers Britain" (Knopf)*

HERE is a royal octavo volume of 429 pages of solidly packed material, constituting an analysis, valuable in itself, but worthless in its purpose, in which the author seeks to show that the "unthinkable" thing of a war between the United States and Great Britain is not only not unthinkable but is now in actual and fevered preparation. His thesis rests upon the theory that the superior wealth and the superior machinery of America have led to our invasion of the markets of Great Britain; that Great Britain is equipping herself for a war against this intrusion; and that the conflict will result in the destruction of the British Empire.

Three hundred years ago such an argument as to the danger of commercial rivalry between nations might have been made with a certain element of plausibility. Today finds the civilization of the world upon a higher plane. It is true that this last war was inspired because of the ambition of the German militarists to control the shipping and the destiny of the world; but the conclusion of that strife has brought with it such lessons as will forever prevent its repetition among the nations of the earth. There was no justification for that war. Armed and defended as Ger-

many was, the whole world could never have broken into her borders. The intellectual progress of Germany seemed to be lifting up her own people to better things for themselves and to an altruistic service to mankind. That great nation floated its ships in every ocean, sold its wares in the uttermost parts of the earth, and enjoyed the good favor of humanity because it was trusted as a humane state. At the close of the war, through this hideous and inexcusable aggression, her great achievements had vanished, all this good opinion had been destroyed, and it will take Germany half a century to regain the spiritual and material benefits which she then lost.

But the penalties of mass murder were not restricted to Germany alone. When the toll of sacrifice was taken and society realized that ten million men of the chivalry of this earth had been slaughtered, and twenty millions more grievously wounded, and that much of the priceless heritage of civilization had been destroyed, a sense of outrage inflamed the conscience of mankind that was unexampled in the history of the world. The bases of order were broken up, governments were overthrown, twenty-two princes in Germany alone lost their thrones, other kings became



wanderers, dictators usurped the places of elected rulers, great countries were torn asunder, and new communities were established upon the most insecure foundations.

And one other significant thing happened—the most significant thing that has happened in modern times—which, strangely enough, has escaped the attention of the author of this book. The British Empire, as a result of that war, was dismembered and destroyed, and England became a unit in an associated group officially designated as the British Commonwealth of Nations. How great that change was from England's former status the imagination of mankind has not yet realized. But the mighty voice of authority which once called a score of colonies to war or peace under the British flag can do so no longer; and just a few years ago when Downing Street asked the Canadian Government if Canada would stand behind an assertion of power in a certain controversy, Canada said No. The Imperial Council has taken the place of the King's Privy Council, and England will henceforth fight her wars alone unless and until her colonies elect, one by one, to join her standard.

And beyond all this, in spite of the execrable efforts of some of our newspapers to stir the natural rivalries of trade into the unrestrained horrors of war, there is a sense of conscience which is now controlling thinking men against the very possibility of another world conflict. There will be uprisings and disorders here and there, of one kind and another, from time to time, requiring perhaps the intervention of an international policeman—the British Navy, or our own—in order that tranquillity may be restored. But another war—the one, for instance, which Mr. Denny, through a false vision, has pictured between England and America—would not end, as he thinks, with the humiliation and defeat of England. The forces of human hate which would then be unchained would in the end turn upon and consume their own sources of

power, and America would find her own civilization dismembered, her property rights overthrown, her great fortunes confiscated, her industrial establishments broken up, her labor employment gone, her ruling governors displaced, and Chaos seated on the chair of power.

These certain penalties of another conflict are things which always escape the light-hearted wits of the men who, like Mr. Denny, write so glibly of "the next war," and who picture America in her extraordinary power of wealth and population as able to whip all creation and get away with it. She cannot get away with it, and if she were to go out and sink the British Navy, she would, upon her return home, find her own land in this unquenchable conflagration of destruction.

Mr. Denny, writing without any background of history or philosophy, has wasted an immense amount of time and labor in producing a foolish, illogical, and utterly mischievous book.

THERE IS ANOTHER HEAVEN. By Robert Nathan. (Bobbs Merrill) This book starts out with a good prospect of being something unusual. We quote its first page:

The Styx lay silent. No oar disturbed the serenity of those bitter waters, on whose dark bosom lilies and weeds floated without movement. Charon's skiff, half drawn up on land, waited in vain; and slowly rotted. Its master slept; and dreams of past glories caused him to smile.

On the other hand, the River Jordan was crowded with barges, skiffs, dingies, and ferries. A clear wind ruffled the waters which bore with joy a never-ending procession of passengers between shore and shore. In formidable numbers men, women, and children gathered on the bank, waiting to be taken over. The Eternal City received them; there was room for them all. White, shining, and august, it rose like a dream beyond the water which flowed about its walls.

Among the Christian people who come down to go across the Jordan is Samuel Lewis, who walks in good fellowship with other dispossessed spirits until he tells them that his name was Levy up to the time when the Christians had baptized him, and that

his relatives are named Levy and Weinstein. Upon receiving this information, they treat him with studied coldness, and although he crosses the River and enters the New Jerusalem, there is no welcome there for him, and the loneliness which he had felt upon earth is increased by the aloofness which is shown him in this Elysian abode.

There is a Mrs. Meiggs there, who had been a crusader on earth, regulating the morals of the nation, and her son tells her that the other crusaders had erected her statue in the State House grounds, but that the people who did not need to be regulated had broken off its nose, whereupon Mrs. Meiggs ejaculates that "They'd ought to be tarred and feathered."

Samuel's sense of spiritual hunger impels him at last to ask that they take him to see Jesus. But no one has seen Jesus and no one can find him. So Samuel returns to the Jordan and swims back to earth, where his own family greets him, and there he learns that Jesus is there among the people whose spirits have not yet left their bodies, and he seeks Jesus on earth in order to find the Bread of Life. Heaven, evidently, is right here, for Jesus told the people that it is in their own hearts—only, he gave this great revelation to his own friends, the Jews, from whom the Gentiles are taking it away by the power of age-old neglect and contempt. When the people of Christendom change from this ancient hoodlum attitude toward the Jews, the Kingdom of Heaven will indeed be regnant upon the earth.

Mr. Nathan has been moved by a big idea, but it is an idea that requires for its development an equipment of spirit and imagination which does not seem to be very strongly visible in the rather commonplace treatment of the New Jerusalem and its prosaic population.

**QUEEN CLEOPATRA.** By Talbot Mundy. (Bobbs Merrill) A pretentious study in novel form, wherein some of the greatest figures in history are introduced by their names alone, but

without form or characterization, being mere conversational abstractions. The biggest moment in Cleopatra's history, her intrusion into Caesar's hostile presence wrapped in a rug, is the dullest page of all. Among all the current books that deal with the star performers of the human race this is the least attractive.

S. H. C.

## EDITH LEIGHTON'S INDIAN COLLECTION

ELIZABETH, Henrietta, and Mary Laughlin, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Laughlin III, loaned to the Children's Museum their interesting collection of china dogs, birds, and shells. These were on display during the month of February and were enjoyed by the many children who were attracted to see them.

This month Edith Leighton has placed on exhibition her Indian collection. Edith is one of the juvenile actresses who is to appear in the Indian play given by the Junior Naturalist Club of the Museum in Lecture Hall on April 5. She is therefore interested in Indians and has loaned the Museum an unusual collection of arrowheads, spear points, moccasins, a knife and case, pestles, stone axes, skinning knives, and a Mexican idol—all of which were collected by her grandfather, George Leighton.

In addition to the Indian collection Edith has loaned the Children's Museum some fossils, which include a shark's teeth, a mastodon tooth, an elephant tooth, some corals, and a trilobite pygidium.

This exhibition will be on display until April 1.

Thinking gives people headaches and if persisted in may cause them to change their opinions. So it simply isn't done, you know.

—RUDYARD KIPLING

We are all painfully uneducated, whether we be learned in some particular field or not.

—JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

## THE SEVENTEENTH SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHIC ART

BY DAVID R. CRAIG, *Vice President of the Salon*

[Dr. Craig has a fine understanding of photography and is a constant student of new processes. Camera enthusiasts throughout the country know him through his able articles in photography magazines, while his own prints, frequently exhibited in the Pittsburgh Salon, are marked for their rare artistic feeling. He will speak over KDKA on the evening of March 22 on "Photography and You and I."]

ONCE a year Pittsburgh hears from the pictorial photographers of the world. Their message takes the form of contributions to the Salon at the Carnegie Institute. Their pictures are judged, accepted for hanging or rejected; and no prizes are awarded.

Prizes or no prizes, they continue to send. Almost two thousand prints were received this year, and only one in six was accepted. That is prize enough. Perhaps this arrangement has a peculiar significance. The people who see this exhibition are apt to award their own prizes, some by comment, others by purchase, but all with interest and understanding.

Photographs are easy to understand. Even the curious ones, the freak subjects, like Rittase's view from the top of a building or like Doolittle's fine design made of phonograph records, are freaks only from the point of view, not because of their subjects. We have all looked out of windows, and we have all used phonographs. It is easy to understand real things.

The jury understood them. It consisted of Howard D. Beach, a professional photographer and painter,

of Buffalo; G. W. Harting, a photographer and illustrator, of New York; and Charles Lederle, a lithographer and photographer, of Cleveland. The choosing of the jury was grounded in the need for a variety of interests, and the variety is amply sustained by the pictures which they contributed to the Salon. Beach sent a fuzzy landscape, mysterious and quiet. Harting had four commonplace street scenes, commonplace in the sense that they pictorialize a common place. Lederle sent two industrials and two country scenes, the latter both from the same negative, one romantic, the other almost a bucolic industrial.

In spite of their variety, they agreed. What they agreed on has been stated before, but it had better be stated again. They wanted honest subjects, subjects whose preparation was not obtrusive; they wanted technical perfection—the thing photographers, and perhaps other artists, too, talk about as quality, and they wanted distinction, something to set the prints off as worth making and contemplating. Many a print went down before this group of three men—some because they were



DESERTED COURTYARD  
PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL BOZLER



GOLDRUSH RELICS

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK H. TAYLOR

clearly artificial; some because they were muddy, or badly composed, or confused; and some, in spite of their excellence, because they seemed drab and undistinguished.

No pile of prints on a table looks much like an exhibition on the walls of a gallery. At this moment, there is only the pile to see. Yet as we turn over the prints one at a time, there are some general impressions to be recorded, definite and sharp enough so that they probably mean something.

For one thing, the Salon in its seventeenth year contains some extraordinary tours de force. Four photographs in colors—a small number but more than ever before—point to the progress being made beyond the rigid limits of the past. Two of these four are tricolor carbros. In this process three negatives are made through differently colored filters, and three prints on transparent gelatine, each containing a different pigment, are superimposed in register. The other two are polychrome bromoil transfers. In this process the photographer makes a silver bromide enlargement, bleaches out his image and restores it in tanned gelatine, inks it by stippling with a brush in one color, puts it through a press with some drawing paper, re-inks with his next

color, transfers again, and so on. A small bromoil transfer is hard enough in one color, a large one is great, and a multicolored one is stupendous. Maurer, of France, made these two.

Symes, of England, sent the largest bromoil transfers we ever saw or heard of. They are in only one color, but the lucid transparency of their shadows is finer than in many of the smaller transfers in the exhibition.

Another impression that rises out of the pile of prints is that the ship subjects this year are unsatisfactory, more so than ever before. There was only one exception. The birds, on the other hand, were used this year for delicacy and strength, for grace and for sharp action. There is one of quiet swans, but with necks in a quick arch to liven them. There is another, by Kono, of gulls in flight, gulls with long



ITALIAN FISHING BOATS

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARY E. RAYMOND

and mighty wings, one of them driving terrifically to stop his glide. Yet these bird pictures are not the work of naturalists, but rather the accomplishment of artists who saw not birds but pictures.

Along the shores these pictorialists found many subjects. There are ribs of sand left by the ebbing tide, sometimes with sandpipers, sometimes with people, sometimes with nothing but posts, as in Tabor's lazy composition. Taylor, of Invercargill in New Zealand, sends his "Beach Road," with something of the grandeur of a mural. Here, by the way, is a man who writes asking what sort of photograph goes in a salon, and what a salon is like, and what it costs to manage one—and then gets all four of his entries accepted.

Snow, always fascinating for photographers, is especially well done this year. Outstanding in this subject are two foreign workers, Pellegrini, of Italy, with his "Sotto la Coltre Bianca," and Krupka, of Prague, with his "Winter Sunshine." Only one other print in the Salon equals these in sheer quality, and that is by Skara, of Chicago, "Zero Weather."

For once photographers seem to have solved the problem of making real pictures of mountain tops. This exhibition contains so many fine peaks that it is difficult to single out one for special mention, but Standley's is just as difficult to forget.

Finally, photography is keeping pace with the twentieth century. There is a good deal of evidence that photographers are not using their art as an escape from life but are carrying it with them as they go. Mudd with his "Ten Manholes," Rittase's "Power," Harting's "Ash-cans," Helder's "High Up," Crary's "The Woodpile"—these and many more are truly and honestly



CYPRESSES AT MONTEREY

PHOTOGRAPH BY CLARA E. SIPPPELL

modern. Curiously enough, Cheesman saw a pattern of sun on a bridge while it was being built, and Smith saw it after it was finished. Both of them, "Bridge Piers" and "The Age of Concrete," are of the essence of today.

In years to come there will be more of that kind of thing, more in numbers, and more in proportion. But that is another story.

The Pittsburgh Salon of Photographic Art, under the auspices of the Photographic Section of the Academy of Science and Art, opens its seventeenth annual exhibition on March 21 at the Carnegie Institute and will remain there until April 21.

The officers of the Salon are Charles K. Archer, president; David R. Craig, vice president; Byron H. Chatto, secretary and treasurer; Deso Dewsens, print director; and C. S. Apgar and Frederick Somers, print committee.

#### PATRIOTISM ASLEEP

It is the common fate of the indolent to see their rights become a prey to the active. The condition upon which God hath given liberty to man is eternal vigilance: which condition if he break, servitude is at once the consequence of his crime and the punishment of his guilt.

—J. PHILPOT CURRAN,  
Dublin, 1790, on the Right of Election

## THOSE ONE HUNDRED FRIENDS

By JOHN L. PORTER

[In order that the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE might interpret the meaning of the pictures painted by Pittsburgh artists which have been purchased by the One Hundred Friends of Pittsburgh Art for exhibition in the public schools of this city, and which are soon to be shown at the Carnegie Institute, John L. Porter was asked to write an article on the subject. Mr. Porter, being a very modest man, side-steps one fact in his historical sketch, and that is that it was he who formed the idea of this organization, and it was his energy and persistence that have carried the plan to success.]



A history of the One Hundred Friends of Pittsburgh Art would not be complete without some reference to the things which had much to do with its inception in 1915 and 1916.

A few years prior to that time a number of artists living in Pittsburgh were induced by Eugene Connelly to get up an exhibition of their works, and to that end he offered them the use of the entrance foyer of the old Grand Theater.

But it took only one exhibition to demonstrate that the foyer was not a very good place in which to display paintings. Several other places were tried with no better success and finally, John W. Beatty, late director of the Fine Arts Department of the Carnegie Institute, invited the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh—as they had come to be known—to exhibit their productions in the art galleries of the Institute.

These first exhibitions were not sufficiently inspiring to permit any of the artists to sell their pictures, and to this same fault may be attributed the lack of sales in the early exhibitions in the galleries; hence, many of the artists grew disheartened.

This led one of our citizens to the thought that if a real art movement in our city was to be encouraged and fostered, there was only one way in which it could be done. Some incentive

must be created which would inspire the painters to greater effort, in order that their works might find a market and make the painting of pictures a serious profession in Pittsburgh.

A plan was suggested providing for a purely volunteer organization, composed—as its name indicates—of one hundred people who would donate annually the sum of \$10 each, in order that a fund of \$1,000 might be created each year which could be used for the purchase of paintings produced by the members of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh and shown in their annual exhibition.

Many people doubted the practicability of the plan and hesitated about becoming subscribers to it, so that it was not until 1918 that its success was actually assured.

When it was learned that the One Hundred Friends of Pittsburgh Art proposed to donate their annual purchases to the Board of Education of the Public Schools of Pittsburgh, in order that these paintings might be used in the teaching of art appreciation, as well as in the embellishment of the school buildings, the artist element immediately recognized the beginning of a permanent collection which would some day be of notable size and importance—one in which their art would be carried down through the coming generations, their existence in the community recorded, and their names immortalized for having added their bit to the uplift and culture of our city.

The organization chose from among its subscribers by popular vote Mrs. William R. Thompson, C. D. Arm-



strong, John W. Beatty, W. C. Fownes, James D. Hailman, Thomas R. Hartley, and John L. Porter to act as an executive committee to look after the affairs of the cooperative effort, to select the paintings for purchase, to present these purchases to the Board of Education, and to maintain a general supervision of its activities.

This committee insisted upon a high standard's being established for their purchases and the result was that only two paintings were bought from the exhibition of 1916: "Vera" by Fred L. Demmler and "Mill-Evening" by George Sotter, these two pictures forming the nucleus for a new permanent art collection.

The purchase of these two pictures marked the beginning of a new era in art here in our city, and the improvement has been so decided, so inspiring, and so evident as to leave no doubt in the mind of anyone who has watched the development that art in Pittsburgh

is taking its place alongside of our industrial, financial, educational, musical, and religious reputations.

The greatest moment of any painter's life is that in which he finds one of his productions chosen for inclusion in a permanent collection. Add to that fact the joy of having one's fellow citizens, friends, and relatives pointing him out and telling of his success, and you recognize a man inspired to life-long effort for the betterment of everything about him.

But let us stop moralizing and get down to cold facts.

The statement was made in 1916 that the plan of the One Hundred Friends of Pittsburgh Art would fail because there were not over half a dozen artists in the city who could paint well enough to warrant the buying of their paintings. We leave you to judge how true this prediction was after you learn that



STILL LIFE, BY R. V. HUGHES

Purchased from the Thirteenth Associated Artists Exhibition in 1923



CURTAINED WINDOW, BY W. A. READIO

Purchased from the Eleventh Associated Artists Exhibition in 1921

during the fourteen years of this plan, sixty-three pictures, painted by forty-five different artists, have been acquired. All these paintings are to be on exhibition at the Carnegie Institute galleries from March 18 until June 1, so that the public will be given an opportunity to judge the worth of our work and its appeal to children at their most impressionable age.

Art appreciation is today one of the outstanding considerations in any educational program—be it elemental or collegiate—and it is most gratifying to realize that our organization was one of the pioneers in this movement locally, and that it has been instrumental in inspiring like organizations in many

other cities throughout the country.

Pages of this Magazine might easily be filled in telling what our Board of Public Education thinks of our accomplishments, what the teachers claim our pictures have done for their neighborhoods, and what the children themselves know of art. Inasmuch as art appreciation should be so acquired as to be fundamentally a part of one's education, can you think of a plan which will serve the rising citizens longer or better, or help our city in becoming a great art center whose reputation will be world-wide for all time?

Who can tell but that some of the paintings in the public-school collection may be acclaimed masterpieces some day?

## THE CULTURAL MOVEMENT ELSEWHERE

*How material prosperity is being used by successful men and women in other cities for the spiritual development of the American people*

DR. CLARENCE T. LINDLEY has just presented the city of Davenport, Iowa, with an art reference library valued at \$50,000, and a collection of canvases, etchings, and cameos.

An assured income from \$1,000,000 makes possible the opening of the Walter Hines Page School for International Relations, recently established at Johns Hopkins—Ambassador Page's alma mater. This far-sighted undertaking is sponsored by the country's best minds, including Owen D. Young as chairman of the board, and has for its high aim the provision of "an opportunity for research and investigation, with a view to ascertaining the fundamental conditions of international life."

Henry Ford is planning to spend as much as \$100,000,000 for the advancement of technical education in the United States. The Edison Institute of Technology, which opened last year at Dearborn, is the center around which Mr. Ford hopes to build his educational work.

Eldridge R. Johnson, former president

of the Victor Talking Machine Company, has again remembered the University of Pennsylvania, of which he is a trustee—this time with the gift of \$250,000. This sum will provide further support for the Eldridge R. Johnson Foundation for Research in Medical Physics, which was founded in 1927. In the past ten years Mr. Johnson has given the University nearly \$2,000,000.

Alexander P. Moore, picturesque diplomat and a citizen of Pittsburgh, has bequeathed \$100,000 to be placed in the keeping of Queen Victoria Eugenia of Spain for charitable distribution. Certainly it will yield dividends of foreign goodwill far in excess of the actual value of the gift.

Julius Rosenwald, long a patron of education and culture, has now given Wellesley College \$325,000 on condition that a like amount is raised. The Julius Rosenwald Fund has recently made available \$100,000 to the National Advisory Committee on Education to conduct a survey of the duties of the Federal Government toward education.



## GARDEN OF GOLD

WHAT are you thinking about, Penelope?" asked Jason, coming forward and beholding his fair companion's gaze fixed in deep meditation upon the landscape.

Penelope recovered herself with a light laugh.

"I am just wondering, Jason," said she, "how this earth was ever created, and how it was made to be so fruitful. What did the old gods teach you about that, when you all used to get together on Mount Olympus?"

"Your curiosity is carrying you to great depths today," said Jason, smiling in sympathy, as he looked into her eager face.

"Wouldn't you say rather that it is carrying me to great heights, Jason?"

"Well, we'll let it go at that. The gods had a very reasonable tradition on the subject, which is something like our modern teaching about it. Before earth and sea and heaven were created, all things wore one aspect, to which we gave the name Chaos. Earth, sea, and air were all blended together. The earth was not solid, the sea was not fluid, and the air was not transparent. Jupiter at last interposed and put an end to this discord, separating earth from sea, and heaven from both. The fiery part, being

the lightest, sprang up and formed the skies; the air was next in weight and place. The earth, being heavier, sank below; and the water took the lowest place, and buoyed up the earth. Then all the gods united to organize this creation. They gave to the rivers and bays their places, raised mountains, excavated valleys, distributed woods, fountains, fertile fields, and stony plains. The air being cleared, the stars began to appear, fishes took possession of the sea, birds, of the air, and four-footed beasts, of the land."

"And how about men and women, Jason?"

"There was no thought of any woman, Penelope—it seemed to the gods that only man was now needed."

"The unchivalrous gods!" cried Penelope. "Then how did I get here?"

"I'll tell you about that. Patient, dear Penelope, just for a moment. The gods wanted a nobler being to have dominion over everything else, and they took some of this earth and mixed it with water, and made man in the image of the gods."

"How very much like the Bible is all that!" exclaimed Penelope.



"Very like it. But when they had completed this man, the gods found that they had already given away all their gifts to the other creatures—courage, strength, swiftness, sagacity, wings, claws, protective shell-covering—in fact, everything."

"And how did they take care of the poor man?"

"Well, they finally solved the problem, and sent Prometheus up to heaven, where he lighted his torch at the sun, and coming down to earth, gave fire—the most valued gift of all—to this man, for by possessing fire, he could acquire all these other talents, and make himself master of the world."

"But where do I come in?" persisted Penelope.

"You come in right now. Jupiter saw that his man was lonesome—just like me when you are absent from my side—"

This brought a smile from Penelope, but she did not speak.

"—He was lonesome, and so they called upon all the gods and goddesses, and they all sped along the Milky Way, which is the path to Heaven, and there in a grand council they made a woman, not on the earth, but up there in heaven, where all the women really come from—"

"You dear man—what's the matter with you today?" And this time Penelope kissed him.

"The gods vied with each other in giving her gifts. Venus bestowed beauty, Mercury persuasion—and you've got a lot of that, Penelope—Apollo music, and then, very appropriately, they named her Pandora."

"Why very appropriately?"

"Because that is Greek for all-gifted. Among Pandora's presents was a box from Jupiter, which he told her she must never open."

"A stupid condition to go with a present. I would have opened it."

"So did Pandora. And, oh, Penelope! that box contained all the evils in the world, and they all escaped to plague man from that day to this—"

gout, rheumatism, and fever for his body; and envy, spite, and revenge for his mind—and these obnoxious things scattered themselves far and wide. Pandora hastened to replace the lid, but alas! the whole contents of the box had escaped, one thing only excepted, which lay at the bottom, and that was Hope. So we see to this day that whatever evils are abroad, hope never entirely leaves us, and while we have hope, no other ills can make us completely wretched."

"And did Pandora marry this man?"

"Yes, and we are their children. And see how it has all worked out! Man having the gift of fire has acquired all other gifts—strength, courage, speed, armor, wings, a voice that pierces the air to the most remote distance; while woman has retained her beauty, her power of loving, her sweetness of disposition, her charm, and her—curiosity!"

"Oh, Jason—but doesn't her curiosity add spice to all the rest?"

"Yes, Penelope, and you have more of that quality than all other women, and so you are the most attractive of them all."

Penelope started to say something in the way of appreciation, when Jason interrupted.

"See, Penelope—the planters are coming into the Garden of Gold. Always, always they come!"

Childs Frick, whose large and varied African game collection is preserved for exhibition in the Museum, has again given \$100—an annual subscription toward the upkeep of the Museum. This, with membership contributions from other friends, is very helpful in the problems of operation.



CHILDS FRICK

John B. Semple, who has followed the expeditions sent out by the Carnegie Museum with such constant enthusiasm, has again assumed the cost of the exploring trip to Hudson Bay to the extent of \$3,500. W. E.



JOHN B. SEMPLE

Clyde Todd, curator of Ornithology, has already left for the Far North, where he will obtain some very important bird specimens necessary for the Museum's collections, and only brought within reach through Mr. Semple's fine spirit of cooperation.



EDWARD E. McDONALD

with the request that it be applied on the Student Activities Building project. Inasmuch as money given for buildings can be counted toward the 1946 settlement, this sum will multiply in the usual two-for-one way. At compound interest, sixteen years from now it will be worth \$66, and when the Carnegie Corporation of New York adds its \$132, the total will reach \$198.

It is a great joy to announce the repetition this year of the appropriation made for the first time in 1929 by the Board of Public Education, the City of Pittsburgh, and the County of Allegheny, whereby each of these bodies contributes \$15,000 to the operating expenses of the Carnegie Institute, mak-

ing a total allocation of \$45,000 for this year's necessities. These generous grants are enabling the Fine Arts and Museum Departments to make a very substantial extension in their educational and cultural work.

And so we see how everything that is planted in the Garden of Gold grows in its power for service.

## THE SUEZ CANAL

THE interest of the American people in the story of the Suez Canal has recently been stirred by George Arliss' play, "Disraeli," which reaches its climax at the moment when the great Prime Minister, having an option on the shares, determines to purchase the Canal without waiting for the consent of Parliament. Disraeli paid £4,000,000 for the controlling interest, and an official statement has just been made to the British people that the investment is now worth £72,000,000.

The whole operation, thanks to the house of Rothschild, was carried out secretly, and in ten days. It was an audacious achievement which resounded throughout the civilized world, and of which its author was justly proud. Disraeli's own view of the transaction is naïvely told in a letter from him to Lady Bradford, which has just appeared in the volumes edited by the Marquess of Zetland:

I have purchased for England the Khedive of Egypt's interest in the Suez Canal. We have had all the gamblers, capitalists, financiers of the world, organized and platooned in bands of plunderers, arrayed against us, and secret emissaries in every corner, and have baffled them all, and have never been suspected. The day before yesterday, Lesseps, whose Company has the remaining shares, backed by the French Government, whose agent he was, made a great offer. Had it succeeded, the whole of the Suez Canal would have belonged to France, and they might have shut it up!

We have given the Khedive four millions sterling for his interest, and run the chance of Parliament's supporting us. We could not call them together for the matter, for that would have blown everything to the skies or to Hades. . . .

## THE BOOK COLLECTION FOR BOYS AND GIRLS AND ITS USE

BY ELVA S. SMITH, *Head of the Boys and Girls Department*

[Miss Smith's life has been dedicated to the promotion of library service for children. As an instructor in the Carnegie Library School, she has trained hundreds of children's librarians who have carried her ideals from coast to coast. As Head of the Boys and Girls Department of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, she has developed a service to which other cities point as a model. Miss Smith is also known as an editor and critic of children's literature.]



"I KNOW it is only a book, but I love it just the same." This remark of one small girl, as she reluctantly relinquished a copy of "The Wonderful Locomotive," which she was returning to the Li-

brary, may, perhaps, serve as a keynote to indicate the primary purpose of the Department for Boys and Girls, which is to develop desirable reading habits and to promote a love of literature. The first essential in carrying out this purpose is the collection of books, selected with a knowledge of the special interests of children and an understanding of their special needs. This collection, from which the individual boy or girl chooses, must be broad in its scope, rich and varied in content, for there are children of different ages, different nationalities, and different tastes, practical-minded boys, and romance-loving girls, who make use of the public library. Even among children of the same age, and with seemingly much the same background, there are many variations in reading ability and in range of interests. Scientific and technical books must be provided, and travel and history, as well as the colorful Arabian Nights and the imaginative story of little Diamond floating through the air with the won-

derful North Wind. There must be new books interpreting the life of today to supplement those which have withstood the tests of time.

The collection once formed is not static, but is constantly changing. Books wear out and must be replaced, out-of-date books need to be supplanted by others more recent. Each year the publishers put forth a surprisingly large number of new publications, more than the Library could possibly buy, even if the policy of wholesale purchases were desirable. Many of them, without intrinsic merit, are so attractive in appearance that one is almost persuaded. Certainly one of the most important phases of the varied work of this Department is the sifting of this yearly output and evaluation according to well-defined principles of selection, principles based upon a knowledge of the qualities and characteristics of the children's books which have lived from generation to generation, of the present-day interests of boys and girls, and of the needs as indicated by the daily requests. All of the children's librarians share in this work, reading books on approval and recommending those that seem most desirable for inclusion.

Not only is the subject matter carefully considered, but the editions as well; for "books, like men, go better neatly dressed," and it has been found that a picture cover, an alluring frontispiece, or well-spaced type frequently determines the choice of the children. As one boy expressed it, "I don't want



that plain book, I want one with trimmings," while another requested a "Shakespeare book, but none of them questions and answers, I just want the story."

There is an anecdote told of a student at Yale who was once asked "Did you take Greek?" "No," was the reply, "but I was exposed to it." It would seem that the least we can do for children is to expose them to the influence of good literature, to allow them to see books, to handle them freely, to browse at will among them, and to select for their own reading those which appeal to them personally. For some boys and girls, this is all-sufficient. Like Kipling's cat, they walk by themselves, they have their own well-defined tastes and literary passions; they need no special help or direction. Most children, however, like and appreciate personal suggestions and guidance. In so far as possible, the children's librarian strives to discover the special interests—flowers or birds, aviation, wireless, or what not. Not only does she direct the boys and girls to the best books along these particular lines—fitting the book to the individual

rather than the individual to the book—but she becomes adept at grafting on other interests, thus broadening their mental outlook. A life of Edison or of Steinmetz may be suggested to the boy interested in electrical experiments, and Roosevelt's "Stories of the Great West" to one who enjoys the pioneer tales of Altsheler. "The Admiral's Ghost" by Alfred Noyes may lead to all the thrilling history and adventure of the sea rovers on the Spanish Main.

The reading of library books, except as it may be done to meet school requirements, is entirely voluntary. Personal aid in selection is given whenever conditions permit, and the friendliness of individual boys and girls is one of the delightful compensations of the librarian's busy life; but the children often come in throngs, and so other means of drawing their attention to new fields of reading, or to books not being used because they are unknown, seem necessary merely as an economy of time.

For the younger children, story-telling has proved one of the most effective means of presenting good literature, the stories being selected for their inherent interest, their dramatic and ethical



PUBLIC-SCHOOL CHILDREN RECEIVING LIBRARY INSTRUCTION

qualities, their literary merit, and emotional appeal. Listening absordedly to the "liberry teacher," the children are rapt away into the enchanted realm of *Once-Upon-a-Time*, a world of castles and magicians, trolls and giants, fiery bulls and terrible dragons, helping beasts and friendly spirits. The smaller children love the simple repetitive and cumulative tales, they delight in all "things old and pretty," while marvels and mystery, action and adventure hold those a little older, spellbound. The story-hour thus proves a gateway leading into the vast domain of folk literature—a part of every child's inheritance.

Reading clubs and informal talks about books and authors take the place of story hours for older boys and girls as a means of introducing books, the enthusiastic response, usually received, being somewhat dulled at times by the difficulty of providing sufficient copies to "go around." During the vacation months various reading plans and contests are carried out, a definite effort being made to train the children to think about the books they read.

Many of the boys and girls like to select their reading from the attractive lists on display in the children's rooms. Though their reading is really being skillfully directed into new channels, they have all the joy of choosing for themselves and the pleasure of discovery when they chance upon a particularly interesting book hitherto unknown to them. In addition to the graded lists, which appeal to parents and teachers as well, and the lists on special subjects such as "Interesting People," "Hobbies for Boys," "Desert Island Stories," the Department issues once every three months a bulletin, "The Enchanted Door," noting the new books which have been added to the collection. From these lists one passes easily and almost unconsciously to the use of the annotated card catalogue, and children soon acquire the habit of consulting it for needed information. For others who do not take to the catalogue quite so

readily or naturally, instruction is given, so that children learn not only to discriminate among books, but also to use library tools understandingly.

In 1929 nearly 940,000 children's books were issued for home use by the Boys and Girls Department alone, the school libraries being under other direction. How many times books were actually read there is no way of ascertaining, but that it may be more than statistics show is indicated by the following incident. One little girl in returning her book said, "My mother read this book and then my father read it, please may I have it again so that I can read it." Neither is it possible to tell accurately the number of books used for reading or study in the Library rooms, but from a count made in one month, it may be estimated at approximately 800,000 or more a year. In some sections of the city, children come regularly to the Library to prepare their night work for school.

Emphasis has been placed upon the selection of books and means of interesting children in their use, because the reading habit is so essential in their future development that the stimulation of this interest seems to be the most important contribution we can make to their welfare. Other activities, which absorb a large part of the time of the assistants, include the various ways in which the school curriculum is supplemented: class instruction in school hours; aid in reference assignments—some 83,000 questions being recorded for 1929; the circulation of pictures, which are used largely by teachers and of which some 60,000 were circulated last year. There are the summer stations, which are used for the distribution of books when schools and school libraries are closed, and there is service also for various community organizations—civic and social—and for individual parents or teachers.

The degree of success which we attain in meeting all these varying needs depends in large part upon an unfailing and plentiful supply of books. With

every effort to preserve them, with everyday training of children in the proper care of books, those in constant use all too soon reach the state when they are beyond redemption. Many are used long after their best days have departed and when we would fain speed their passing, if only there were others to take their place. In some agencies, children can be permitted but one book a week, not an excessive, or even a generous ration, but

A shepherd starves whose store of books is low:  
Nor can he on his flock their due bestow.

There are some sections of the city in which practically no service is being given, for the children cannot easily reach any of the existing library agencies.

Do the boys and girls who have the opportunity profit by their library reading? Are there lasting influences which can be counted upon and which will be of benefit to the coming generation?

At the very lowest valuation, the Library is providing a wholesome form of recreation and amusement for children, and the pleasure is not confined to the immediate occasion only, for the happy memories of one's childhood reading may remain forever, a treasure that cannot be destroyed or taken away. It is something to have had the vision, even though later it may fade; so, were this all, our efforts might still seem to be justified. In introducing children, however, to good and useful books, and in helping them to form the reading habit, we are assuredly adding to their capacity for future enjoyment and insuring for them a lifelong source of happiness. Also, books read primarily for pleasure may bring unexpected dividends later in intellectual development and continued enrichment of life.

Books have their uses also as tools. Whatever the relative importance of observation, listening, and reading, as channels of knowledge in other periods, the latter is of primary importance in this twentieth century. Life is not long enough to learn everything through personal experience. Though one book

may have sufficed for Rousseau's *Émile*, it is not sufficient today, for this is "an age of the printed page. . . . Successful living—even up to the typical standard—can only come to those who read and make effective use of books." Education is not completed when school days come to an end, it may be continued indefinitely, provided there is a love of literature, a taste for good reading, or an appreciation of the value of books in the everyday affairs of life. The arousing of the faculties, which, after all, is the essential thing in education, can come as a result of reading as well as through more formal training. Dr. William S. Gray points out the "close relationship between the amount of reading done in a community and its educational status, the accessibility of libraries and books, the extent of literacy, the ability of adults to read easily, the intelligence level of its citizens, and its productivity," and he stresses the importance of establishing desirable reading habits early. The "ounce of prevention" seems worthy of consideration as well as remedial measures in adult education.

Many foreign nationalities are represented in the life of Pittsburgh and to the boys and girls of these groups the Library spells opportunity. One evening recently in one of the smaller agencies, twenty different nationalities were represented. By presenting and emphasizing the ideals of democracy through books, the children's rooms serve as a continuation school of citizenship training. Mrs. Stern, in "My Mother and I," records her appreciation of what our Library meant to her as a child. "Often," she says, "I think that I did not grow up in the Ghetto, but in the books I read as a child in the Ghetto. The life in Soho passed me by and did not touch me, once I began to read. My interests, most of my memories and associations were bound in the covers of books."

That interests derived from early reading may be carried over into the adult period and help to determine its

activities is evidenced by the literature of biography. That books may be instrumental not only in mental development, but also in character forming, is probably true also, though the extent to which they may be influential can never, perhaps, be accurately determined; for all children are not equally susceptible to literary stimuli, and there are many other influences—influences of

heredity and environment—which affect their development and help to mold their characters. We remember, however, Hawthorne's symbolic story of "The Great Stone Face" and we have faith to believe that he

Who seeks and loves the company of great  
Ideals, and moves among them, soon or late  
Will learn their ways and language, unaware  
Take on their likeness.

## "THE PLAY'S THE THING"

*A Review of Stephen Phillips' "Ulysses" Given at the Tech Little Theater*

BY E. MARTIN BROWNE, *Assistant Professor of Drama*



POETIC drama, like opera, is often condemned by our modern iconoclasts as a spurious form of art. Music, and poetry—which is the music of words—a re essentially arts of unity; drama is the art of con-

flict. Dramatic ideas, then, can never be successfully expressed in either form of music. So runs the argument; and at first glance it looks a good one. But on further examination we find that it only comprehends the question superficially. The nature of drama is but half appreciated. For though conflict be the stuff of drama, the material from which it is made, the resulting art-form is a unity. The business of the dramatist is to create a harmony out of the conflict of his material. Take "Macbeth" as an example: out of the conflict of Macbeth with himself, with his wife, with the moral law comes the harmony of that law triumphant, having crushed him in its course because he cannot bring himself to repent and submit to it. The

dramatist's eye must be single or he will fail; he must see a unity beneath all human diversity, and see it just as strongly as the musician or the poet does.

So, surely, music-drama and poetic drama have a place—indeed the place of honor—on our stage. True, their characters do not speak or behave realistically, but why should they? They express the reality below realism, the reality of thought and of cosmic emotion.

The complaint has often been raised that there is almost no good modern poetic drama, and Mr. Wallace very evidently found it all too true. Determined that a poetic play was needed on the Little Theater stage, he found himself reduced to one of the second class. Stephen Phillips will always have some recognition as a high-minded and competent writer, but can never win that ecstatic response which comes to the poet of soaring thought and winged word, who can

make the babbling gossip of the air  
Cry out . . .

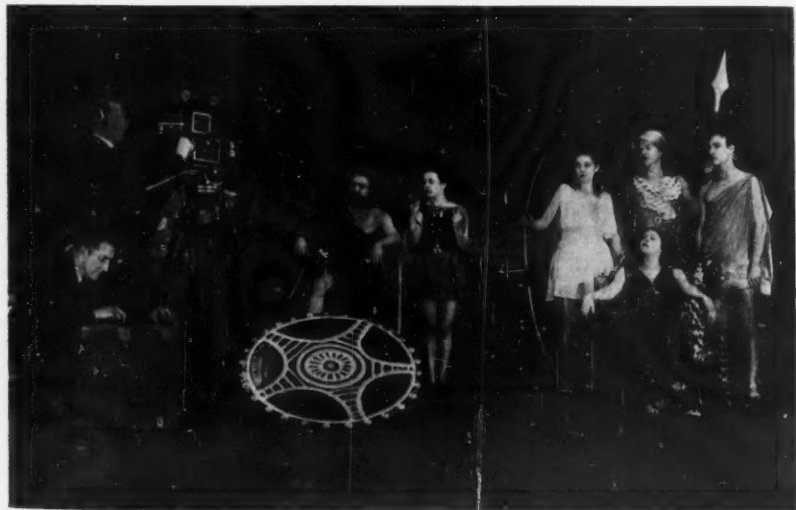
Nevertheless, "Ulysses" gave us some moments of beauty well worth remembering. The performance of the very difficult title rôle was one of con-

siderable merit. It was born of a quick mind, whose thought moved in ready sympathy with the poet's; endowed with a maturity rare on a student's stage. The descent into Hades was finely sustained and sympathetically keyed: a satisfying piece of acting and direction. The last scene was beautified by a Penelope of dignity and charm, whose speech was an unusual joy to hear.

The play gave good scope to student activity in scene design, which has been a notable feature of this year's productions. Within the limitations of a small stage cramped by lack of depth, quite an excellent effect was obtained by the use of two levels, as in "The Gardener's Dog"—the upper level was normally used as Olympus, but also served as that nameless strange place whence the descent into Hades begins. The scenic arrangements of the descent were most impressive, except for the fire at the Styx which one felt would have been better omitted, since it destroyed with its mechanical flicker the illusion of vastness and gloom.

All in all, the production served to confirm one's faith in the enduring value of poetic drama. To students, nothing can give the same sense of the grandeur of their profession. To audiences, this play, even though it falls below the best standards of poetry, gave enjoyment of that rare kind that comes only from high thoughts loftily expressed.

In England a renaissance of poetic drama is taking place. As yet, naturally, it has no Shakespeare, nor even a Marlowe. But the way is being paved for the great to walk upon. All over the country Verse-Speaking Associations are being organized and competitions held, not under the leadership of pedants but of poets and men of the theater. Masfield, Drinkwater, Gordon Bottomley, Robert Bridges, Gilbert Murray are leaders of this fine band of men, and their followers and students are legion. Is it not time for such a renaissance in America, too? For only to a people of fine speech and sensitive hearing can poets be born. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."



PATHÉ NEWS CAMERAMEN PHOTOGRAPHING "ULYSSES" FOR THE TALKIES

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WHEN Andrew Carnegie took up his philanthropic work at Pittsburgh, he began with the Library. The poverty of his own boyhood had taught him the necessity of a public library, and when he realized how much his own intelligence had been enriched by the benevolence of Colonel Anderson in lending books to the boys who played in the neighborhood, he formed a resolution to build libraries so that whole communities might enjoy the golden treasury of good books. Three thousand libraries in time sprang up all over the world, of which 1,946 were located in the United States. The first of these institutions was the one on the North Side known as the Carnegie Free Library of Allegheny. The next was the one at Pittsburgh, which with its many branches and distributing stations is known as the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, now circulating nearly three million books a year in the homes of our people besides furnishing information through its reference collections to innumerable visitors.

Mr. Carnegie stipulated that the City should maintain the Library—a wise condition which keeps it alive and re-

sponsive to public necessities—and to this end he planned a board of trustees of eighteen members, Mr. Carnegie to name nine, who elect their successors, and the City of Pittsburgh to appoint nine. The City's group comprises the Mayor, the President of the Board of Public Education, and seven members of Council.

The recent elections have made some changes in the City's memberships, and the new friends coming to the Board from the City Council are Clifford B. Connelley, George J. Kambach, and M. J. Muldowney, all of whom are admirably qualified for this very agreeable service, succeeding James F. Malone, Daniel Winters, and P. J. McArdle.

The eighteen members of the Library Board, under Mr. Carnegie's provisions are associated with the eighteen other Trustees constituting his later enterprises—the Carnegie Institute and the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

The other members of the City contingent already serving on the Board of Trustees are Mayor Charles H. Kline, Marcus Aaron, Robert J. Alderdice, W. Y. English, Robert Garland, and John S. Herron, president of Council.





#### MERGERS AND EMPLOYMENT

A correspondent—a mother—writes to the Window:

It seems to me that all these mergers of railroads, industries, banks, and such, are very bad indeed, as it throws so many persons out of work, and makes it almost impossible for our generation of boys and girls to get ahead and accumulate money. Don't you think it is a serious grievance?

These mergers seem to us to be all right—up to a point. That point is the human equation. If any substantial and permanent unemployment should follow them, they would be all wrong. No nation can be either happy or prosperous that tolerates a bread line beyond an emergency period. Equal opportunity must be taken literally—jobs for all at the bottom, rewards for the most deserving at the top. But our view is, in general, that these consolidations—while they undoubtedly produce economies in the overhead—tend to extend the business into wider channels, and thus absorb an apparent surplus of help. Our correspondent goes on to speak of the tendency of machinery to reduce employment. There again it would seem that the machine throws a man out of work only to call him back into a new earning field. But if the extensions of production which should follow these mergers and this new machinery do not in fact take care of the element of labor, then society is going to face a problem which cannot be carelessly sidestepped, but which must be conscientiously and constructively solved.

#### IS AMERICA HEARST-MINDED?

PEOPLE read newspapers in order to learn the news. The best newspaper is, therefore, the one that gives each day the most accurate and informative report of the news of the world, and in our opinion the best newspaper in the world, judged from that standard, is the New York Times.

William Randolph Hearst owns a chain of newspapers for which he claims a readership of twenty millions—a good many, in all conscience. And his newspapers are eye-catching and nerve-startling. His headlines strike the eye as a trumpet blast of war would strike the ear. And thus jolted to attention, we read his newspapers, not in the quiet atmosphere of cloistered intellect, as when we calmly peruse the Times, but with a sense of clamor and sensation and rushing blood that challenges our inner self to be on guard lest we be swept away from poise and tranquillity into the rush of an obsession that is foreign to our habit of thought.

Even after all that, Mr. Hearst is not content to let his flaming headlines and his surging news stories do their work, but he adds to these things the comments of his own mind, expressed with a power of invective in which he is almost unequaled among the editorial writers of our day. In this combination of headlines, news, and opinion, in one peculiarly individualistic pattern, we have the journalism that has become established in America as the Hearst

System. Mr. Hearst's editorials often have the front-page space which other newspapers reserve for important news, and he writes them with an incisive eloquence and ability which instantly secure attention.

In recent months Mr. Hearst's notable talents have been used to discredit in the minds of his millions of readers everything that has been accomplished in the past thirty years in organizing an international machinery which the conscience of the world has striven mightily to devise in the interest of peace. These editorials at first took the form of a catechism consisting of questions as to why America should participate in such an enterprise, and the answers thereto, which were invariably framed so as to show the futility and wickedness of any association of our representatives with the representatives of other nations to that end. His wrath was expended not only upon the League of Nations, which the people of the United States have for the time being declined to enter; but the International Court, which has been the dream of every American statesman for a generation, and which, under the Root formula, we can now enter and quit at our discretion, has moved Mr. Hearst to an opposition that is drastic and vindictive beyond any episode of his picturesque career.

The Root formula—ay, there's the rub! Anything that bears the handiwork of Elihu Root will always provoke the anathema maranatha—the curse of curses—from Mr. Hearst, because Mr. Root once made a speech which prevented Mr. Hearst from becoming the Governor of New York. It is an ancient grudge, justified, as grudges go, by the incident that gave it birth. The fact that the International Court is designed to prevent conflicts between the nations of the earth, and will prevent them if the nations are loyal to their sublime obligations, carries no weight with Mr. Hearst while Mr. Root's name and fame are connected with it. Mr. Hearst says that Mr. Root is the tool of the international bankers. We very much doubt

that. We look upon Mr. Root as the greatest intellect which the public life of our generation has produced. But if the international bankers are advocating the International Court of Justice with the purpose of putting an end to war, we should all rejoice to become their tools. More power to them!

And finally, in these last days, Mr. Hearst beats his battle-ax against the London Disarmament Conference, and in a first-page philippic of unusual acrimony and contempt he demands the instant recall of the American delegation and the dropping of the whole subject of naval strength from our intercourse with other countries. If this were done it would mean immediate war, with the whole world in arms against us.

If it is true that his newspapers circulate among twenty million American readers, it is a pity that Mr. Hearst does not permit his patrons to read the news and form their own opinions. For, indubitably, his diatribes do work incalculable harm in reflecting themselves through the unthinking and illogical intelligence of that portion of his readers—always a fixed percentage in any given number—who are swayed by a well-worded argument, even when that argument is, as in this case, fallacious. These misguided citizens in turn exercise their influence upon the more mediocre members of the Senate; and if Mr. Hearst's advice is adopted at Washington, this nation will sink into ignominy and shame and become the scorn of the world. A sure result if indeed we are Hearst-minded. But are we?

“WHEREFORE ART THOU ROME?”

AN elaborate production of “Romeo and Juliet” given not long ago revealed a false emphasis in Juliet's plaintive utterance of this phrase, and well-nigh imperiled the dignity of the famous balcony scene. The young Capulet heiress is at her window, the moon is high in the heavens, and

Romeo, unseen, stands in the shrubbery below, just ready to avow his presence and his love in one breath. Juliet had met him for the first time an hour before, and has learned that he is a Montague and an enemy of her family; and, while communing with her own heart, and not knowing that he is listening to her, she asks herself in grief, why, or wherefore, is he Romeo? Why has fate brought her a lover whom her family will never permit her to marry? But this actress, mistaking the word "wherefore" as the equivalent of "where," missed the point entirely and asked the question with the full emphasis on the word "art" which meant, "Where are you, Romeo?" With Romeo there at her feet, the incongruity of her interpretation gave her diction a ludicrous effect. It is perhaps a mere detail, but it is the harmonious grouping of all details that makes the perfect picture.

#### SITTING ON AN APOSTROPHE

IF you were writing to a friend, would you say, "Have you read Burns' poems?" or would you write it "Burns's poems"? If the subject caused you to halt your letter, perhaps you would turn to "A Manual of Style" by the Chicago University Press and there you would see the suggestion that where the name has but one syllable, like Burns, the possessive case takes the apostrophe with a second "s" to follow it, but that if the name has more than one syllable, like Matthews, it does not require the second "s" in this form, "Matthews' garage." All of which is confusing.

There is a tradition that in the beginning of language usage it was the practice to form the possessive case by speaking in this awkward way, "Achilles his wrath." Indeed, such a purist as Addison used that form in his paper in the 135th number of the Spectator in these words, "My paper is Ulysses his bow." What the feminine form might have been under that cus-

tom, if it ever was a custom, we do not know. Would they have spoken of the beauty of "Mrs. Ulysses her hair"? We wot not.

But such a rule seems to be cumbersome and redundant, and besides it does not conform with the practice of the great masters of speech. For example, Pope, in his translation of Homer's Iliad, begins the great epic thus:

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring  
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess, sing.

If Pope had written the second "s" after the apostrophe, he would have thrown his iambs out of their meter by adding an extra syllable to Achilles' name, requiring us to pronounce it "Achilleses wrath," and so forth.

The CARNEGIE MAGAZINE has held a grave session on this question and has adopted its own rule: that in all cases where the possessive case is used with names already ending in "s"—whether the noun has one or more syllables—the apostrophe shall not be followed by the superfluous "s." We shall read Burns' poems, and we shall steer clear of Achilles's wrath.

#### ORCHESTRA GUARANTORS

A group of Pittsburghers who are devoted to the production of good music in this city long ago formed themselves into the Pittsburgh Orchestra Association and, each one guaranteeing any deficit up to \$100 a year, they make it possible for the entire community to hear the great orchestras of the country from year to year. There always is a deficit although it has never reached the full sum of the guarantee. An effort—sure to meet with success—is now being made to enlarge the number of the guarantors, and each name added to the present list naturally reduces the assessment of all. The addition of one hundred names would reduce the assessment to something like twenty-five dollars a year per member. It is certainly worth that much as a civic achievement to have the annual visits

## THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

from these eight or ten leading orchestras, with the musical knowledge which they spread abroad among our people.

### LECTURES

[The lectures announced below are free to the people.]

#### MUSEUM

##### LECTURE HALL

- MARCH 16—"Tee Pee Fires," by Colonel Philip A. Moore. 2:15 P.M.  
 MARCH 20—"A Naturalist in West Africa," by Rev. A. I. Good. 8:15 P.M.  
 MARCH 27—"Venezuelan Adventures," by M. Graham Netting. 8:15 P.M.

#### SATURDAY AFTERNOON PROGRAMS FOR CHILDREN

- MARCH 22—"Animal Stories," by William Harwood, trapper and explorer. 2:15 P.M.  
 MARCH 29—"Alaskan Adventures," and motion pictures. 2:15 P.M.  
 APRIL 5—"An Indian Play, by the Junior Naturalist Club. 2:15 P.M.

#### MUSIC HALL

##### DR HEINROTH'S LENTEN LECTURES

*Illustrated by organ or piano selections.*

- MARCH 15—"Mozart, a Born Genius." 8:15 P.M.  
 MARCH 22—"Is Opera Passé?" 8:15 P.M.  
 MARCH 29—"Robert Schumann, the Heart of Romanticism." 8:15 P.M.  
 APRIL 5—"The Significance of the Variation Form." 8:15 P.M.  
 APRIL 12—"The Music of Wales." 8:15 P.M.

#### TECH

##### INDUSTRIES 104

- MARCH 18—"Water Problems of the Arid Region," by Elwood Mead, commissioner of the Bureau of Reclamation, Department of the Interior. 8:30 P.M.  
 MARCH 19—"Boulder Canyon Dam," by Elwood Mead. 8:30 P.M.

#### LITTLE THEATER

- MARCH 26—"Literature and Science," by Professor R. M. Lovett, of the University of Chicago, former editor of *The Dial*. 4:30 P.M.  
 MARCH 27—"Literature and Morals," by Professor Lovett. 4:30 P.M.  
 MARCH 28—"Literature and Art," by Professor Lovett. 4:30 P.M.

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